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City of Detroit



ONE OF THOSE THINGS.

Fond Mother: HE DOES LOOK LIKE HIS FATHER, DOESN'T HE?

Mr. B.: YES, BUT I SHOULDN'T MIND THAT, AS LONG AS HE IS HEALTHY.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. VIII. NOVEMBER 11, 1886. No. 202.

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IN spite of a few natural tears that are due its own candidate, LIFE is ready to congratulate Gotham on having Mr. Hewitt for its next mayor. To say that Mr. Hewitt is a very rising man, is by no means to suggest that he cannot sleep nights. Not at all. For his consolation in this latter misfortune, let him reflect that if he were a good sleeper, and had less sensitive nerves, the disgruntled among the Democrats would be pretty sure to have his name before the next National Democratic Convention. His boom has grown with extraordinary vigor. Four weeks ago he was a disappointed Congressman, marking himself down to be closed out of politics. Now — look at him!

WE think Mr. Hewitt has had a pretty good time this summer. They say that the infirmity of his nerves makes him irritable and no irritable man could ask for better sport than he has had. He has growled and grumbled and complained ever since Congress adjourned. He has reproached his colleagues in the House for interfering with him, has blamed the President for not helping him, scolded his constituents for not getting a better man to represent them, and generally deplored the short-comings of his fellow creatures. For about two weeks he had Mr. George, metaphorically speaking, by the scruff of the neck and the slack of the trousers, and mopped the city with him, and whenever he could spare the breath he called Mr. Roosevelt names. Now he is mayor-elect, and it will become his official duty to make it hot for the aldermen and most of the city officials night and day. For a cross man Mr. Hewitt is well fixed. The people love him for the epithets he has made.

CHARLES Daniels, the Poor Man's candidate for the Court of Appeals, was not elected.

Neither was Henry George, the working-man's candidate for mayor.

Sic semper with class distinction and class cries in American politics.

IT was pleasant to see our supplementary neighbor, the *World*, soundly thrashed in its spiteful opposition to Judge Peckham. Is our neighbor's influence in inverse proportion to its circulation?

LIFE rejoiced last week in the prospect that the City of New York would get Mrs. Stewart's big house for an art museum. It is a good thing to have exulted in advance, for now that the purport of the lady's will is known, it only remains to sigh and regret the inability of the Stewart assets to work together for any marked degree of public good.

The efforts of A. T. Stewart to give large sums to benevolent purposes were pathetic in their futility, and his widow has not had very much better luck. No one can reasonably reproach her for making her relatives her heirs, but there were a few things that Gotham wanted from her, and in particular we would have liked to be familiar with her pictures, and to have looked out of the windows of that white edifice on Fifth Avenue.

PERHAPS we ought to be grateful to this late testatrix for building the Stewart Memorial church, and endowing the contiguous schools. But LIFE, for one, is not particularly thankful for that boon, and cannot regard it as a public benefaction. The Stewart church is a good-looking structure, and affords convenient shelter for the Bishop of Long Island and his reverend confederates. If a cathedral town could grow up around it, and become a second Barchester, where some American Trollope might learn to write clerical novels, the public might get some return from Mrs. Stewart's investment. But that seems unlikely. It is impossible to build up independent life in Garden City. The town is a hopeless suburb. The very babies come in the world there with coupon tickets to New York crumpled in their tiny fists. It is too far from New York to share the life of the metropolis in its vigor; and too near to cultivate an existence on its own account. If Mrs. Stewart had set her big church down on the edge of Tomkins Square, poor people, and people with objections to pew rent, might have been induced to worship in it. But in Garden City it makes a fine tomb for its founders, and that, we fear, is all it can do.

WITH the valuable assistance of Judge Hilton, Stewart built a house where shop-girls and sewing-women could secure the discipline of a penal institution for ten dollars a week. With more or less of the same assistance Mrs. Stewart has built this cathedral. It remains to be seen whether her venture will turn out any better than her husband's. But whether it does any business or not, the cathedral has passed beyond Judge Hilton's control, and that thrifty gentleman cannot hope to turn it into a summer hotel.

SA CARTE DES [DANSES.]

A DAIN'TY trifle, silk and lace,
All white and palest blue;
A pencil hangs below the place
Where it is bent in two.

A silken cord upon her arm
So soft, and round, and white,
Suspends, secure from every harm,
This little book to-night.

Within the tiny tome I glance;
The ball has just begun,
But someone's taken every dance.
She might have saved me *one*.

I look along the list of names,
And looking there I see
That *every* waltz some fellow claims
Whose name begins with D.

I'm hurt, and say so in a way
I fear is scarce polite.
But, as I turn, I hear her say,
"Don't leave me so to-night!"

Then, with a sudden, tender smile,
She whispers, "Don't look blue;
You might have known it all the while,
The D was meant for U!"

S. D. S., Jr.

A BOSTON paper says that Emperor William's birthday falls on the 22d of March next year. This is a singular coincident. It fell on that day this year.



INDIRECT APPLICATION.

PATRICK, YOU TOLD ME YOU NEEDED THE ALCOHOL TO CLEAN THE MIRRORS WITH, AND HERE I FIND YOU DRINKING IT.
FAIX, MUM, ITS A DRINKIN' IT AND BRATHING ON THE GLASS OI'M A DOIN'.

M. BARTHOLDI'S IMPRESSIONS.

By our Special Sculpture Interviewer.

YOUR correspondent called upon M. Bartholdi this morning in accordance with that gentleman's intimation that a little free advertising would be welcomed. The M. was found in handsome apartments at one of the large hotels in this city, which, owing to the repeated refusals on the part of the proprietor to present the correspondent with the freedom of his Artistic Bar, shall be nameless. He smiled your correspondent a welcome, and, shrugging him politely to a seat near the window, asked his business.

Taking advantage of the lessons of a recent literary misunderstanding, the correspondent explained to the distinguished foreigner in the choicest French that he had come to "*interviewer lui*," adding that if it was the distinguished foreigner's intention to deny all that he said after the interview was published, he would find it cheaper to do so in the interview itself and save controversy.

"*Bien*," he remarked suavely, "*Allez-vous en*."

The correspondent expressed his surprise at this, adding, with a smile, that he had not noticed it himself, but that he had no doubt M. spoke truly.

"What do you think of New York, Monsieur la Sculpture?" continued the correspondent, dropping easily into the language.

"Big," replied La Sculpture, "but you have *ze* fonny things. You have your *Salon* open all *ze* year round, and you sell your what you call *ze* eye openers right in *ze* middle of your art galleries. What for you do zat?"

"Well, you see, M.,—we were getting familiar at this point—" the gentleman who runs this art gallery down stairs heard that you French exhibited your pictures at the *Salons*, and not being up in your idioms, he thought he'd have pictures in his *Salon*, which, when Americanized, is *Saloon*."

"Ah, yes, I see," rejoined the D. F., "and zat is *ze* derivation of expression 'painting *ze* town.' Your paintings and your drinkings you take all at *ze* once."

"Exactly, Distinguished Foreigner. You are full—"

"*Sare!*" he ejaculated indignantly in his native tongue.

*To avoid misunderstandings the editor deems it well to note that D. F. is here used in the sense of distinguished foreigner. [ED. LIFE.]

"Full of ideas, my dear M.," I hastened to add, apologetically.
"Another fonny thing I have noticed. Your papers speak of *ze* Fifth Avenue pavement when, by gar, *zere* was no pavement. How you fix zat?"

"We don't, M., we don't. The contractors fix that for us. You saw all those stones on the sidewalks, of course. They are the germs from which we expect to realize a pavement sooner or later," I replied.

"Oui, oui, I guess I have noticed *ze* stones. De Lesseps he see them too, and he say, 'By gar Bartholdi, if we only had *ze* pavements like zat in la Belle France, *zere* would be *ze* Empire to-morrow if not sooner! Indeed, nothing has baffled *ze* cause of liberty in France more than paving-stones, and *ze* only safeguard of the Republic is *ze* tar pavement.'"

"Vive la Republique," I suggested, simply as a flyer and by way of repartee. There must have been some hitch in my accent, for the D. F. laughed heartily and said he thought it looked that way.

To cover my confusion I said, "I suppose you have availed yourself of the freedom of the city conferred upon you by the Mayor?"

Here the Sculpture looked sad, and going to a closet, took therefrom a suit of clothes that looked as if it had been through the battle of Waterloo.

"Freedom of *ze* City!" he said, scornfully. "See *zose* habit. *Cette* pair of pants la et talk to me about la liberte of your city! Your city take too much liberty."

"Why, what is the meaning of this?" I asked.

"*Ze* meaning of *zis*," hissed our guest, his anger rising, "*is* zat I thought *ze* freedom of a Republican city meant something, and I tried to ride free on your Elevated Tramway. By gar *zay* could not believe my story zat I was *ze* eminent Bartholdi, and *ze* brakeman—by gar that was a good name!—*ze* brakeman he kick me off *ze* platform through one million telegraph wires to *ze* street. Liberte! By gar, it was too much!"

"Well, you made a mistake. This isn't a Republican city. It's Democratic by a large majority," I said, in the hope of appeasing his wrath. It was unavailing, however, for the anger of the Frenchman had reached such a pitch that to avoid International complications the correspondent withdrew; but he has M. Bartholdi's sworn affidavit, sculpted on a Philadelphia brick, that the substance of this interview is absolutely and undeniably true.

Carlyle Smith.



A NOVEMBER WAIL.

O H winter sere,
Thy blast we hear,
Draw near.
Thanksgiving's trump
Is on the jump!
And pump-
Kin pies will not
Remain long hot
For what?

WELL:

November is cold for the foot-ball player,
Likewise for a few candidates for mayor.
E'en Geronimo, rich in his countryman's hair,
Will find it rather coldish in Florida there,
And even that thing which we dub reform
Will have to hump itself for to keep itself warm.

When we cry
With a sigh
Oh my!
Winter's nigh!

UNCLE JOHN: Got a new baby down at your house,
have you, Bertie?

BERTIE: Yes, guess what it is.

UNCLE JOHN: Girl?

BERTIE: No.

UNCLE JOHN: Boy?

BERTIE: Oh, somebody must have told you.

SPEAKING of the Last of the Incas, where does the
proof-boy at a newspaper office come in?

PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.



"THAT RASCAL HATH GOOD METTLE IN HIM."—Henry IV.

IT is a noticeable fact that since the Violet Cameron failure
at the Casino the advertising columns of our daily papers
contain numerous allusions to "Peerless Actresses."

MEXICO is reported to want a Dictator. When they get
that they will never rest until they get a stenographer
who won't be satisfied without a type-writer that can't be
worked without a lady operator who must have the most tak-
ing costumes in the Dictator-dom, etc., etc., etc.

It would seem as if Mexico had enough national debt with-
out indulging in all this flummery.

THE shooting of the Surveyor of the Port by a discharged
employee, is uncivil service with a vengeance.

The culprit should not be ex-humt from the punish-
ment that fits the crime.

THE WHEELMAN'S WOE.

ADDRESSED TO TIME.

THE melancholy days have come,
The saddest of thy cycle;
When earth's so hard it breaks one's neck
To fall from a bicycle.

IT is now stated that the Count Reuturn is still alive.

We should like to see the Reuturns before we accept
the statement.

THE visible supply of wheat on October 30th, showed
56,154 bushels. Of this not more than 87,562.496
bushels have been sold to date by the grain speculators, so
that the cost of bread this year cannot, in reason, amount to
more than \$7.50 a slice, with oleomargarine included.

ROLLING mill out in Detroit has had to suspend pay-
ment.

It looks as if a rolling mill gathers no moss, too.

RUSKIN says: LIFE is disgustingly short.

Thank you John. You might subscribe for two
copies and remedy the defect.

MISS HARCOURT, of Louisville, Ky., has written a
book on "Florida Fruits, and How to Raise Them;"
but as a perusal of the volume divulges no hints on the sub-
ject of alligators, we must set it down as unequal to its
mission.

IT was rumored about town last night that the New York
Transfer Company had managed to get a trunk from
the Grand Central Depot to Desbrosses street inside of
eighty-six hours, and that out of four straps and seven hinges
only three straps and six and a half hinges were broken.

It is due to the company that we state that the rumor lacks
confirmation.

STATISTICAL.

THE statistician is an authority whom none dare dispute. With the digestive powers of an ostrich, and the absorbent quality of a sponge, he sucks facts and figures down his esophagus as easily as a juggler swallows swords. He reduces the world to the size of a pot-cheese, and holds it in a pair of calipers. Every inch of its territory is as familiar to him as the patches on an old coat. His generalizations are as broad as the spirit of Catholicity, and his assertions are as sweeping as the power of faith.

Prof. Johann von Ziffer has prepared a table of statistics lately of unique interest. With no intent to deceive he puts the population of the United States at 60,000,000 souls. Out of this number we are told 4,000 commit suicide every year. One shudders to think of the awful fate that would befall the metropolis, were there no increase in population, for at the above death-rate, New York would be depopulated in 17,777 years.

The next item shows the enormous consumption of beer. If the beer drunk by the average German were stored in barrels, at the end of twenty years they would equal in bulk the Cheops pyramid. Then if the hoops should burst, and the beer escape, it could easily float a barge, or flood a town.

Following, we have the statistics of nictation. Every man of temperate habits winks 3,158,690 times a year. Prof. Von

Ziffer estimates that politicians wink a round million in excess of this number, and an alarming increase is noted on the part of bald-headed men who beguile their time at the comic opera. No less interesting, perhaps, are the figures which follow, giving the exact number of wooden-legged men in Hong Kong. We also read with absorbing interest that the rat crop in Norway has increased 13 per cent. since 1880, and that 389,811 tracts are distributed among the Zulus every month. Other figures are given which excite reflection. We may briefly note the number of feathers on a hen (6,464), the amount of sunlight diffused in interstellar space, the population of the globe at the time of the flood (estimated), and the number of pills swallowed annually in hospitals.

Prof. Von Ziffer's table is of inestimable value to science. It is the result of years of patient labor, and his industry is warmly commended by those who appreciate the difficulty and magnitude of his task. *Harold Van Santvoord.*

A CORDIAL INVITATION.

HEAD OF THE HOUSE (*to young man at front door*): Haven't I told you, sir, never to call here again?

YOUNG MAN: Yes, sir; but I have n't called to see Miss Clara this time. I have a two month's gas-bill to collect.

HEAD OF THE HOUSE (*in a milder tone*): I see. You will please call again.

IT CERTAINLY OUGHT.

YOUNG FEATHERLEY had eaten four more hot biscuits than he ought to have done, simply because Miss Clara had told him that she made them herself, and Bobby, with a perplexed look upon his face, was waiting a favorable opportunity to say something.

"Mr. Featherley," he finally said, "have you any matters on hand that ought to be attended to at once?"

"Well, nothing very urgent, Bobby," laughed Featherley. "Why?"

"Because Clara told me that when you found out what nice biscuits she could make, it ought to hasten matters."

THE Baroness Burdette-Coutts wants all the young men to marry. They probably would if there were Baroness Burdette Coutts's enough to go around.

AN army is not necessarily invincible because its ranks are made up of he-rows.



Patient: UND VEN I GETS ME DOT CEETY HALL TO MY HEAD VOS TURN SO DEEZY DOT I DON'T KNOW—

Doctor (*interrupting*): VERTIGO—VERTIGO!

Patient: VERE TO GO? I KNOW SHUST VERE TO GO BUT VICH VAY TO TURN! DOTS BE DROOBLE.

BOOKISHNESS

THE FIRST CROP OF HOLIDAY BOOKS.

THE annual holiday crop of fine books which are made to please the eye and not the mind, is now being harvested. A great many well-meaning people, who know little about literature except that it generally comes in covers, are accustomed about Christmas time to spend money freely for expensive volumes in order to present them to those of their friends whose tastes are indefinite. "I don't know what she really cares for, and I suppose I'll have to buy her a book," is the process of reasoning by which such a choice is generally arrived at.

"Gift volumes," however, have their uses. They appear well on a library table, amuse the children on a rainy day, make excellent presses for autumn leaves, and may even be utilized as portfolios for old letters or stray pictures.

F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S luxurious quarto, entitled "Well-Worn Roads of Spain, Holland and Italy" (Houghton), fills all these requirements for a good holiday volume. It is attractively bound in canvas, stamped in gilt and abundantly illustrated. As an artist, Mr. Smith has selected some very picturesque nooks in Europe for his sketches in black and white, sixteen of which have been reproduced as full-page phototypes, and fifty smaller ones have been engraved. The letter-press consists of brief narratives of incidents connected with the scenes of the illustrations.

It is, indeed, a very handsome volume, and a great deal of magnificence has been expended on very slim artistic and literary material.

THOSE who a year ago were delighted with the pathos of Miss Phelps's Christmas story, "The Madonna of the Tubs," will be pleased to have it in a handsomely printed little volume, fully illustrated from pen-and-ink sketches by Ross Turner and G. H. Clements. The sketches, however, lack the force and beauty of the story, though some of them are pretty glimpses of life in an old fishing town (Houghton).

Among the elaborately illustrated books of travel are S. G. W. Benjamin's "Persia and the Persians" (Ticknor), and Henry W. Elliott's "Our Arctic Province, Alaska and the Seal Islands" (Scribner). Both are valuable contributions to the fund of accurate knowledge, and are well worth their handsome setting. Mr. Benjamin, as first United States Minister to Persia, and Mr. Elliott, as an agent of the Smithsonian Institution, are peculiarly adapted to write knowingly on their respective subjects.

A WHOLESOME fear of the "Editorial blue-pencil" restrains me from praising in this column Mr. J. A. Mitchell's quaint and delicately fanciful sketches of "The Romance of the Moon" (Holt). The readers of LIFE know that they cannot be other than good. The same modest

verdict must be passed on the "Good things of LIFE" (Third Series), and "LIFE's Verses" (Second Series), which have been reproduced in very artistic volumes by White, Stokes & Allen. *Drock.*

• NEW BOOKS •

THE BUCHHOLZ FAMILY. Sketches of Berlin Life. By Julius Stinde. Translated by L. Dora Schmitz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. *Confessions and Criticisms.* By Julian Hawthorne. Boston: Tickner & Co.

Homes and Haunts of the Poets. A Series of Etchings. By W. B. Closson. Longfellow. Boston: L. Prang & Co.

Roland Blake. By S. Weir Mitchell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Princess Casamassima. By Henry James. New York: MacMillan & Co.

Sir Percival. A Story of the Past and of the Present. By J. H. Short-house. New York: MacMillan & Co.

A Modern Telemachus. By Charlotte M. Yonge. New York: MacMillan & Co.

Two Comedies. An Ill Wind and An Abject Apology. By F. Donaldson, Jr. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.

The Volcano Under the City. By a Volunteer Special. Boston: Fords, Howard & Hurlburt.

The Great Debate. A Verbatim Report of the Discussion at the Meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

GIVING HIMSELF AWAY.

COUNTRYMAN (*to proprietor of restaurant*): I say, mister, this butter looks like axle grease.

PROPRIETOR: Mebbey it does. I never saw any axle grease.

COUNTRYMAN: An' it smells like axle grease.

PROPRIETOR: Mebbey it does. I never smelled any axle grease.

COUNTRYMAN (*tasting it*): An' b'gosh, it tastes like axle grease.

PROPRIETOR: Mebbe it does. I never ate any axle grease.



BITTER.

Neglected Party in Foreground: I THINK IT WOULD BE A GREAT DEAL BETTER IF YOU WERE AT HOME ATTENDING TO YOUR FAMILY INSTEAD OF PLAYING ROMEO AND JULIET ON THE BACK FENCE, LIKE A COUPLE OF OLD FOOLS.

AN EXCELLENT DISGUISE.

RESTAURANT PROPRIETOR (to chef): I'm afraid you have put a little too much veal in this chicken salad, Napoleon.

CHEF: It's all veal, sir. Shall I put in a little chicken?

RESTAURANT PROPRIETOR: No, certainly not. Put in some feathers, and if any guest says "veal" to me, I'll ask him if he ever saw a calf with wings.

THEY FELT THE LOSS KEENLY.

"AND how do your people take the death of your grandfather, Mr. Fogg?"

"Oh, very hard, Mrs. Puff, very hard. You see this is the first time grandfather has ever died."

WHEN a black man looks green and feels blue he makes a sort of rainbow of himself.

THE obituary column is full of the last sad writes.



Jenny: HAVEN'T I HEARD YOU SPEAK, SALLY, OF KNOWING A THOMAS HEARTWORTHY?

Sally (who is sensitive about her age): TOM HEARTWORTHY? OH, YES, INDEED. WE WERE JUST OF AN AGE, AND WENT TO SCHOOL TOGETHER. AH, YES, TOM WAS MY DEVOTED SLAVE.

Jenny: HE HAS DIED. (Reading). ON TUESDAY, AGED THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.

Sally: OH! AH, YES. AND THIRTY-FIVE YEARS, YOU SAY? WHY, THAT MUST BE TOM'S FATHER.

A FREAK OF FORTUNE.

A MILLIONAIRE awoke one day, to find His millions turned to thousands over night— He died of grief. His heir from sheer delight At unexpected riches,—lost his mind!

SOME MEN ABOUT TOWN.

(Our acknowledgments are due to several of our esteemed contemporaries, mostly of the Sunday persuasion, for the bright thought of starting this column.)

I MET President Cleveland in Madison Square, last week, Bartholdi Day. We stood opposite each other for some time while the procession passed us in review. He remarked to Secretary Whitney that it was a pity the day was so stormy, and he added, significantly, that he thought "it would clear off by and by." The expression of his face as he said this was a study, and it fully confirmed the rumor which has several times come to me lately, that the President had strong hopes of Roosevelt's election. It was evident that his remarks referred to the atmosphere of New York City politics. A band came by just then, and being across the street I could not get the full text of Secretary Whitney's reply.

WHITNEY is looking well—never better. I am not absolutely certain which of the gentlemen standing near the President, was Whitney, but which ever one he was he never looked better.

I WAS chatting the other evening with my old friend, the blind newsman, at the junction of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. I always like to talk to him—he is so approachable. He assures me that the Blaine movement is growing every day. Two weeks ago he sold regularly, thirteen copies of the *Evening Post*, and that night only eleven had been called for. Almost everyone who buys a paper tells his political views to the newsman, and my friend says that all his

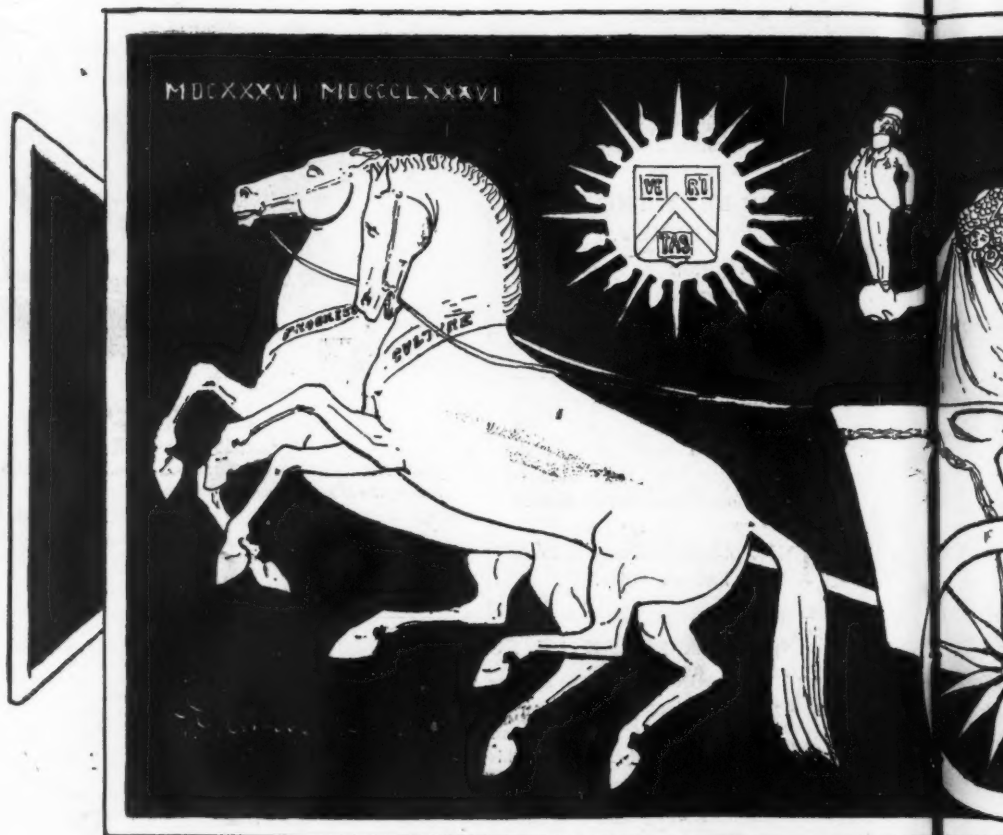
customers speak of the growth of the Blaine boom. The fall in the circulation of the *Post* may be partly owing to this paper's advocacy of Hewitt, but not more than fifty per cent. of the loss can be laid to that. A decreased circulation of one copy in thirteen, fortnightly, if universal, would compel the *Post* to suspend publication early in 1887. It is sad to think that the once prosperous journal of the great Bryant is within a few months of its end.

MULCAHY, the well-known conductor on the Broadway road, told me the secret of the recent strikes as I rode up town with him yesterday. The whole thing was due to a rumor that the companies were about to turn the money-trap in the car floors to their own account. Hitherto the coins that passengers dropped between the narrow slats have been a perquisite of the conductors. The companies resolved to deepen the floors and lock down the wooden-slatted arrangements, thus letting the gross receipts into their own pockets. The matter was finally adjusted by the conductors agreeing to work the floors on shares with their employers. Mulcahy rang up three fares, as a gentleman paid for himself and three ladies (Mulcahy never forgets the ladies), and was just giving me his views on Jacob Sharp, when we passed Delmonico's, and I spied the advertising manager of a large soap concern, whom I knew I could strike for an interview.

JUMPING off the car as it was going quite rapidly, I ran full tilt into Joseph Pulitzer on the cross-walk. We had time for only a moment's chat. Said he, "Confound you for a fool! Get off my feet. Isn't the *World* big enough for both of us?" His nervous manner and the peculiar reference to his newspaper convinced me that the circulation of the *World* is not as great as the public is led to suppose.

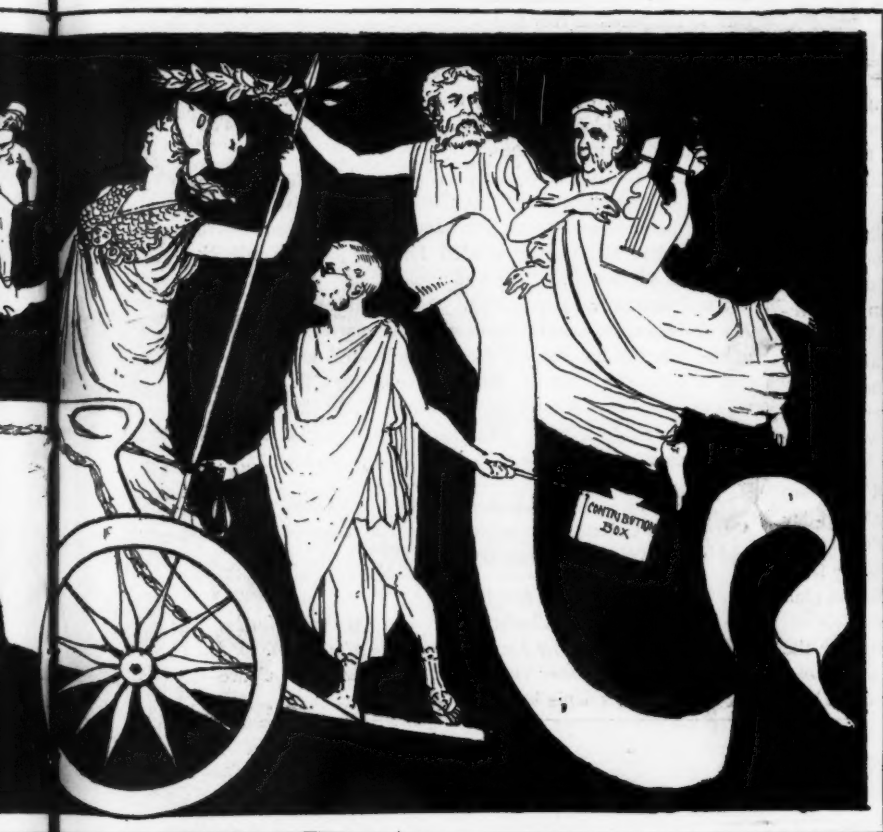
W. W. E.

WHERE does a buckboard? *Boston Herald*. The *Herald* has a circulation of over 100,000. American humor pays.



FAMA SEMPER

THIS GEM OF ANTIQUITY IS SUPPOSED TO REFER TO A SERIES OF FESTIVITIES



EMPER VIVAT!

FESTIVITIES THAT OCCURRED IN CAMBRIDGE DURING THE CLEVELAND DYNASTY.



"JIM, THE PENMAN," which has just been produced at the Madison Square Theatre, is one of those carefully-planned plays, full of interesting complications and bristling with old epigrams dressed up as new, which the public like, which the public must have, and which managers must go to London to find.

In Sir Charles L. Young's play there is an excellent story, admirably worked out. In Mr. A. M. Palmer's production of that play, there is a company which it would be difficult to better, and a stage setting which would delight even the ultra-fastidious Augustin Daly.

The story of "Jim, the Penman," resembles that of Miss Florence Warden's popular novel, "The House in the Marsh," the only difference being that *Jim* is a skillful forger who has accumulated money by the illicit use of his pen, while Miss Warden's hero is a thief, if I remember rightly.

Of course both stories are wildly improbable, but that does not make them less interesting. The probabilities of to-day are not absorbing, and for light entertainment would be positively harrowing. Sir Charles Young takes us far away from anything that could possibly happen, and I, for one, am glad to go with him.

The plot of "Jim, the Penman," consists in tracing the deeds of the forger to the rich London politician, *James Ralston*, who has a handsome wife, won by his evil pen. There

is just the slightest dash of the detective odor about these scenes, and the small boys who surreptitiously read dime novels would recognize *Captain Redwood* as an old friend who has furnished them with spicy amusement ever since they have been able to enjoy it.

There is one great merit which "Jim, the Penman" possesses. It lies in the fact that there is absolutely nothing irrelevant in the play. Every line seems to tend climax-ward, and every situation leads onward. This is something which the modern playwright does not understand. As a rule, he justifies irrelevancy by the theory that he is a Dickens, and has "characters" to introduce, which must be introduced. The result is tedious to audiences.

Mrs. Agnes Booth as *Nina Ralston*, the forger's wife, made the great success of "Jim, the Penman." Mrs. Booth's perfect methods, and her utterly unconventional manner were exactly what Mr. Palmer needed for the part. Frederick Robinson as *James Ralston* was unpleasant. When he was not melodramatic, he was cold. W. J. LeMoine as *Baron Hartfeld* was extremely clever, though he won no applause as the villain of the deepest dye. Miss Maude Harrison was just a trifle too charming for her part. Mrs. E. J. Phillips was, as she always contrives to be, amusing. "Jim, the Penman" has made a hit. The metropolitan public knows a good play when it sees one. *Alan Dale.*

ST. LOUIS has raised a monument to Columbus. In justice to Columbus it ought to be said that he is dead, and had no voice in the matter.

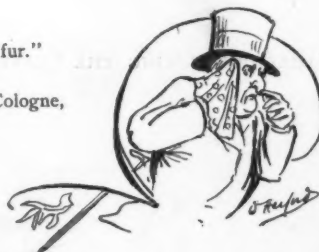
A LARGE HEART.

MAMMA: Why, Charley, what are you crying for?
CHARLEY (*who has eaten the only piece of pie on the plate, while his brother Willie looked wistfully on*): Cause—they, they ain't no pie for—for Willie.



SAID a man to a *Meles Mephitica*,
"I'd give all I own for your pretty fur."

* * *
Now he'd barter a throne for some Eau de Cologne,
And all he can say is "Gee Whittaker!"



WORTH TELLING.

OUR esteemed and voracious contemporary, the *Americus Scientifican*, in giving a most graphic description of the disastrous floods at Sabine Pass, contains the following blood-curdling report:

Captain F. A. Hyatt and William Guy report that they had a singular experience as members of the relief committee, on their way to the Pass. The train in which they were traveling stopped on a dump five miles from the town. The water all round this neck of land, on which was placed the track, was fully 8 feet deep. The hands of Messrs. Hyatt and Guy are blistered from fighting snakes which literally covered the dump for a distance of five miles. There were thousands of water moccasins from the overflowed district taking refuge on the narrow stretch of land, and every step across it had to be fought through the twisting serpents, many of them the deadly stump-tailed moccasins, larger than a man's arm. Wild cats, also, frenzied at the water's fury, rushed pell-mell upon pedestrians, while raccoons and every variety of animal snapped at passers-by with hydrophobic rage. Many times the pedestrians left the dump and swam around the angry reptiles rather than try to pass them. Captain Hyatt alone killed over 150 snakes during his walk of five miles, which consumed about ten hours. Mr. Guy says that no money could tempt him to make his trip over again. In stepping about in the dark he was tripped and thrown by a snake two inches in diameter and fully five feet long.

We regret to say that the admirable journal from which we quote has, perhaps from the desire to soften the horrible story, for the benefit of readers suffering from an attack of "snakes in their boots," refrained from giving the true story, which we have from our own correspondent (a total abstainer) as follows:

Brig.-Gen. Highyet and Mr. Guyus report a singular experience on their way to the Pass. The train on which they were traveling, stopped and dumped them fifteen miles from town, on a neck of land surrounded by water eighteen feet deep. Although they were entirely

unsupplied with the regular Texas tanglefoot, they were continually tripped up and overthrown by the millions of venomous snakes, moccasins, copperheads, rattlers, cobras and garter snakes which encumbered the ground for the entire 13 miles, and writhed and twisted, and fought and screamed in their efforts to escape the advancing floods. The boots of Messrs. Highyet and Guyus were worn through, and their feet were blistered, from walking over the scaly reptiles. Every step had to be fought through these writhing serpents, many of which were the deadly stump-tailed, swill-milk moccasins, larger than a man's leg, so that they could not have had snakes in their boots. Wild cats, tame cats, raccoons, tigers, alligators and every kind of animal known to the "jim-jams," rushed upon the pedestrians and snapped and howled at them in demoniac frenzy. Many times the gentlemen were forced to leave the land and wade four or five miles through the angry waters, which had now risen to 37 1/4 feet. The General estimates the number of snakes killed by him alone in his terrible experience on this night at 147,268. Mr. Guyus says it was the biggest spree and the worst whisky he ever had in his life, and that money could not buy him to do it again.

In the middle of the night a snake 10 inches in diameter and 14 feet long, grasped him in its arms and dragged him from his bed.

IT is stated that funerals cost three times as much as they did forty years ago. Still, we must be buried. Funerals may come high, but people will have them.

MR. S. S. COX will return to Turkey on Thanksgiving day.



THE CAMERA EAR-RING.

SOCIAL scientists think that a law should be passed, doing away with private betrothals, and compelling the suitor to make his vows before a mixed assemblage of from one to three thousand people, thus insuring to the woman the necessary witnesses for any breach of promise suit which she might have occasion to institute at a later date.

Unfortunately, the betrothals of this country are made at an hour when 60,000,000 of competent witnesses are deep in slumber; consequently, no one hears the binding words, save the two contracting parties, the fancy lamp, and the sofa. If, afterward, the man proves false, and the woman sues, what has she to support her case? Simply her own word. She may make the allegation in three dead languages, and swear to it in two living ones, yet if he but deny it in one—business United States even—the jury is at fault, and just as liable to decide in his favor as in hers.

What though justice is represented as a woman? She only operates with laws devised by men, and this means that in cases of Man vs. Woman, the former gets the benefit of the doubt.



What woman needs in this matter is tangible proof to back her statement against that of her faithless lover. The few breach of promise suits show only too clearly that broken vows, in many cases, have no market value, simply because the fair plaintiff cannot substantiate her claim.

Modern photography, in its marvelous evolution, has reached this social want; and, henceforth, Man may make his vows



IN OPERATION.

in the secrecy of a dungeon—if there be but a ray of light present, the act will be witnessed by an agent so impartial and reliable, that the woman who brings it forward must win.

Two diminutive cameras, shaped like ear-rings, are suspended from the fair one's ears; and, as the lover kneels to make his proposal, she carelessly raises her hand to the side of her queenly head, and focuses the lens upon the man below.



ABSENT-MINDED.

"YES," said the chairman, sadly, "our temperance meeting last night would have been more successful if the lecturer hadn't been so absent-minded."

"What did he do?"

"He tried to blow the foam from a glass of water."

New York Sun.

SHE and he had been listening to the music of the insect world. "Arthur," she exclaimed, breaking the noisy silence, "how delightful, and yet how sad, is the monotonous chorus of those toadstools!" "Toadstools, my dear?" replied Arthur; "I think you mean crickets." "Yes, crickets, that's what I mean. I knew it was something to sit on."—*Boston Transcript.*

FIRST LAWYER: Ah, Dobkins, how did you come out in that case you were just beginning when I went away?

SECOND LAWYER: Gloriously. It was a perfect success. Created a great sensation. Papers full of it. Got lots of advertising out of it. I think it was the making of my future.

FIRST LAWYER: Good! Glad to hear it, old fellow. I knew you had stuff in you. And, by the way, what did they do to your client?

SECOND LAWYER: Oh, they hanged him!—*Ex.*

RECITATION hours at Yale have been changed to favor the football players. This is the first indication of the change of the college into a university.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

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THE DRAMA IN CROSBY.

At Smith's Hall, Wednesday evening, "Macbeth" by Wm. Shakespeare, was played by some jay hamfatters from New York. ROT!

ODD FELLOWS HALL, Thursday night, "Over the Garden Wall," a charming drama of most refined character was presented by the Junius B. Barrett Company. The play was all that could be desired. The players were all faultless in their respective roles. The gentlemanly advance agent had his show-bills printed at the *Clarion* office, and spoke very favorably of their elegance as compared with the blacksmith work that the Macbeth Company had done at the *Argus* office.

A FEARFUL BLUNDER.

OMAHA MAN: What! been discharged after only a week's work in Chicago?

SON: Yes, they said I was too green for them.

"Well, well. I thought you were pretty well up in their line of business. What mistake did you commit?"

"Paid a bill the first time a man called."—*Omaha World.*

KEEN APPRECIATION.

OMAHA MAN: Mr. Rochefort, the French journalist, has written a play called "Irelandais," which treats of your countrymen in America, I believe.

PATRICK: Sure, now, but that's clever. If he'd come out here we'd elicit him aldermon moighty quick.

"I can't make out just what sort of a play it is. The paper says it treats of a fanciful invasion of Canada."

"By the Fanians?"

"Probably."

"Arra, now, wot a macknificint military spetlical that must be, sure."—*Omaha World.*



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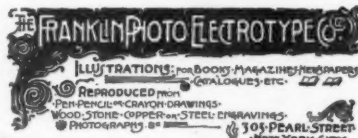
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AN UNEARNED REPUTATION.

FEATHERLY was blowing his tea to cool it off, while Bobby regarded him with intense interest. "What is the matter, Robert?" said the old man. "Don't you know that it is very impolite to stare at a person in that way?" "Huh?" responded Bobby. "You said he was the biggest blower in town. He can't blow any harder'n I can."—*New York Sun.*

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"I hope they will carry off the damned piano," was the prosaic remark of the man sitting next to the musical instrument. — *Texas Siftings.*

"THAT's a chestnut bell you've got up in the steeple of your church, isn't it?" inquired little Johnny Crim-sonbeak of the minister, who was calling on his mother the other day.

"Oh, no, my son," replied the sober man; "why did you think so?"

"Why, mamma told me a chestnut was anything that had been told before, and I'm sure your bell's been tolled before."

Then the youthful Johnny went out to hunt cats. — *Yonkers Statesman.*



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[Nov. 11, 1886.]

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asked a passenger; "do you expect to stop at every
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"Oh, I'm in no hurry," said the passenger.—*Basar*.

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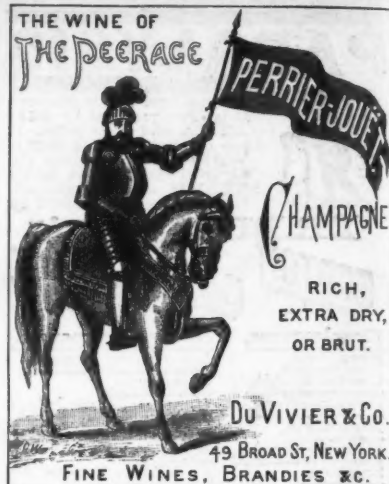
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